

## **Scared by hanvoni**

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Fluff, M/M, cmon guys, i love them, i need more mike and will

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2016-09-04

**Updated:** 2016-09-04

**Packaged:** 2022-03-31 22:54:33

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 701

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

In which Will pretends he's afraid of the Demogorgon coming to get him to get Mike's attention.

# Scared

## Author's Note:

i suck at writing so be wary <3

The stars twinkled in the dark atmosphere.

Will shakily held the walkie-talkie in his hand. He couldn't. He couldn't do it. It was a friendly gesture, right?

It didn't seem like it. At least not to him.

He hesitantly pushed down the button and spoke, "Mi.." he coughed, "Mike?"

At this time of night, he didn't expect a reply. But a part in him hoped, silently, that he would get one. It made his stomach turn. And he felt his face heat up on his palm.

"Will?" Mike's voice came from the walkie-talkie and Will's heart started beating harder than before.

Will gasped slightly and clutched the device, talking again, "y-yeah.."

"What are you doing up?" Mike asked through the receiver.

He shifted uncomfortably in his warm bed and quietly swallowed the lump in his throat.

Will had planned this. He wasn't afraid anymore, but this was his only way to get attention. "I.. I don't.. Mike, I'm scared. The.. If I close my eyes it could ta-"

"Will. It's.. Okay. I told you. The demogorgon is dead. Eleven killed it. She saved us and.."

He continued talking but Will tuned out. All he could talk about is this.. Girl. She seemed so great. Better than him. Mike even kissed her. He bit his lip as he thought of Mike's own lips, and his head swirled with thought.

"Will?" He hadn't noticed Mike stopped talking and he snapped out of his thoughts to quickly reply,

"I'm.. sorry for bothering you with my dumb fear," He said, guiltily.

"I-I didn't mean to.. I'm.."

Why did Will cry so easily?

He slipped his hand over his quivering lips and carefully tried to hush his shuddering sobs. He was too loud.

"Will? Will, are you.. Crying?"

No response. Not from him, or from Mike. And that's what sent him

over the edge.

He shook on his bed while hugging his pillow to his chest. His cheeks were red and his eyes were closed. The feeling of guilt still very much lingered.

Then Will thought about Mike. About him. Every part of him. When he'd hug Will. Any contact with him. The thing that made his stomach fill with butterflies. The warmth in his chest.

Mike was so beautiful. So handsome, so alluring, so angelic. His freckles showing in the sun. His brown eyes dilating when he saw something he loved. His smile. His fluffy brown hair-

Will was grinning like a fool now. His pulse had calmed down. Somehow, Mike always soothed him. Even if he wasn't there. Even in his mind.

Twenty minutes had passed and Will heard a knock at his window. He heard Mike's voice on the walkie-talkie,

"Hey, I'm at the window. Let me in," he whispered.

Will pushed himself off of his bed to push back the curtains on his window. He saw Mike's smiling face, and he lifted the window up.

"Why couldn't you come through the front door?" Will asked as he watched Mike climb into his room.

"Your mom is in the living room reading a book or something," Mike replied, plopping onto Will's bed, face first. Will giggled and closed his window, shuffling over to his bed and laying beside Mike.

They sat in silence for a while.

Will didn't mind. And after a few more minutes, Will felt Mike's fingertips on his hand. Their hands connected and Will blushed.

"You're still scared of that monster, huh?" Mike whispered, still looking at the ceiling.

"Mhm.."

"It's okay. I'm afraid of the dark."

"That's a normal fear.." Will sighed, turning his head to look at Mike. Mike smiled and he turned his head as well. He giggled. Mike looked so cute when he laughed.

They both started to laugh quietly as they held hands. Their minds were both clear. Will stopped a few moments after and he blinked, "thanks."

"For what?" Mike asked.

"For coming here.." Will broke eye contact to shyly look down.

Silence.

“.. Will.”

The kid looked up and saw that his friend’s face was closer than before. He could feel Mike’s breath on his face, and vice versa.

“Can I?”

Will stayed silent but nodded.

Mike leaned closer.

The stars seemed brighter now.